

FOUNDER OF WORKHATERS' LEAGUE TRAILED BY DAN

Old Man Williams Gets Doubtful Honor When
Lazy September Days Recall Southern
Hunting Trips in Primitive Regions
---Automobile Tramps Starting
for Florida Already

By DAN CAREY.

THERE is something about these early September days that takes our mind away from the joy of working and the lure of the city and makes us wish that we were back in the open country again where the work is not quite so consistent and where the whirr is not made by a myriad of sounds but by the new covey, trying its wings.

We will not say that we are tired of work, because we have never been able to decide at what season of the year work is least attractive to us, and not having decided we now see no reason for selecting September as the time.

Every one who studies this question of work admits that none of us is at our best in the winter, when it is too cold to work, or in the spring, when the fever of listlessness strikes us, or in the summer during the hot spell, or in the fall, when our minds naturally turn to shotguns and dogs and things like that.

The chances are that working is an entirely unnatural condition of life that has been forced upon us by the necessities of civilization and by the desire to eat and ride in automobiles.

We remember going on a hunting trip some years ago, where we met the laziest person we ever saw. It was at a country hotel, which was owned and operated by a very fat man named Williams. After eating a hearty breakfast every morning it was his custom to sit down in an easy chair with a cushion in it and play solitaire until dinner time. The game was interrupted only when some one wanted to pay a bill—old man Williams handled all the money. Immediately after dinner he resumed his occupation until the announcement was made that supper was ready. He rarely played solitaire after supper, because the labors of the day required him to retire early in order to prepare himself with a sound and prolonged sleep for the work of the following day.

His wife was his assistant in the hotel business. It is she of whom we write. She displayed a weariness about her work that must have been very humiliating to old man Williams, who, naturally enough, wanted his hotel to be a bright and cheerful place. Now, all this woman had to do was to cook meals and wash dishes for twenty travelling men every day and persons such as were in our party, who occasionally visited the place on a hunting or fishing trip. After breakfast she made the beds of the twenty guests and of old man Williams, cleaned all the rooms and drew water from the well for the old fashioned pitchers in the rooms.

Yet she was not cheerful about her work. As we say, she displayed a weariness that was disconcerting. We never heard her say but one thing, and that was with a nasal drawl that is difficult to describe. As we sat at supper the door leading to the kitchen would begin to open slowly. As it opened the figure of this woman would roll around the door jamb, using her shoulder as a pivot, until she was finally in full view. There she would stand listless, weary and dejected until some one noticed her, and then drawl in nasal tones, "D'yawl want s'more coffee?"

We always replied in the negative, principally because we doubted her energy to go and get it.

Now, she was the only really lazy person we have ever seen. How different she was from her cheerful husband, who played his solitaire with a carelessness that was positively refreshing, and who would willingly interrupt his game to tell a guest to "see my wife, please," whenever anything in the nature of work was to be done around the hotel.

Ah, well, every one cannot be cheerful, of course. We have never held her conduct against the poor woman. She may have been born with a distaste for work.

On this same trip we had dinner one day at a farmhouse. We men, on account of our sex, were served first, with the exception of one young lady of our party who violated the custom of the country and put herself absolutely beyond the social pale by sitting down and eating with the men. We



"We men, on account of our sex, were served first, with the exception of one young lady of our party, who violated the custom of the country and put herself absolutely beyond the social pale by sitting down and eating with the men."

have twitted her a lot about this since then. The only excuse she is ever able to give is that she was hungry, and, besides, she considers herself just as good as any man who ever lived and does not propose to wait until the second table for anything that wears breeches. That usually ends the argument.

Well, anyway, the dinner started by the women all running around the table, seeing that we had enough to eat. The exception to this was the hostess, who announced "They hain't much to eat, and what little's here hain't fitten to eat, but make out 'sbest 's you kin'."

When we politely remonstrated and complained each dish that was served, her uniform answer was: "Thank you; but taint much good to-day; never come out right."

YES, it is time to begin examining the game laws again to learn when the open season commences and what new restrictions were made at the last sessions of the Legislature. About this time of year old Lee Cureton and Henry Salmon, John Aldridge and Gene Adams down in Atlanta will be practicing casting for the semi-annual fishing trip to the Nantahalee River, and Henry Robinson, up in Macon county, North Carolina, will be sitting on the woodpile throwing a partridge wing around the yard for the purpose of teaching his rock ribbed puppies to retrieve.

A little later, up in the mountains, they will be serving hot rolls and biscuits made from rye flour and without any caraway seed in it. It will be about the color of rich butter, and any one who can't eat a dozen biscuits and drink a quart of butter-

milk in addition to a regular supper every night has the doctor sent for. He is by that sign known to be a sick man.

ABOUT this time the automobile tramps will be starting South, and the roads will be thick with them for ninety days. You have to be a Southerner or hail from the middle West to know what an automobile tramp is, unless, of course, some one has told you of this new curiosity.

Those who live near the ports naturally think of tramp steamers in arriving at a satisfactory definition for automobile tramps, which would indicate that some automobile owner had started out without any permanent destination in view. That is not the correct meaning.

The automobile tramp is an individual who does not own an automobile; who is going to spend the winter in Florida, and who wishes to save his railroad fare. He usually resides in the middle West. Some bright September or October morning he packs his suitcase and his handbag, locks his door behind him and starts walking toward the South.

He hails the first automobile he sees going his way and asks for a ride. He usually gets it. He rides as far as his first patron is going, and then starts walking again. To shorten the story, he continues this simple operation until he arrives at his destination.

The automobile tramp is a nice enough fellow. Some of them are very interesting, and they usually have some bully yarns to tell. One of them told us a tale last fall about a fellow from his town who had jumped the previous year by the automobile routes to a Florida resort. While in swim-

ming one day a shark nipped off an arm. After a period in the hospital he returned to his home with an empty sleeve.

When he alighted from the train in his home town the crowd saw him, but it was not for some time that any one ventured to ask him how he had lost his arm. He appeared loath to speak of it, and his friends hesitated. Finally one of them could stand it no longer.

"Jim," he said, "do you want to tell me about it?"

"About what?" inquired Jim.

"About your arm."

"No, I don't."

There was silence for a moment.

"Jim, I think you had better. The boys will all want to know."

"Now, look here," answered the one armed one, "I have got to live in this town the rest of my life, I suppose, and I do not want to be answering questions all my life about how I lost my arm. If you will agree to never mention the subject to me again and tell all the town how I lost my arm I will tell you what happened to it. Do you agree?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was bit off."

OF course if the automobile tramp goes to work in Florida and attempts to take away from the tourists the money that naturally belongs to the regular inhabitants of the State, the tramp is then contemptuously referred to by the natives as a "snow bird," which means that he has left his home in the North only during the season of the snows and is not permanently identified with Florida life.

A couple of snow birds stuck one season in West Palm Beach and went into business there. Now this little town has named all of the streets running east and west after clinging vines, while those running north and south are named after trees. In the old days when the Atlantic Ocean was not the wettest thing in West Palm Beach nor the most attractive the saloons were all on Banyan street. The depot was at the corner of Banyan street and Clematis avenue.

One of these snow birds of whom we write noticed that the other was making frequent visits to Banyan street saloons, and as they hailed from the same town in the middle West he thought he had a right to ram-ronstrate with him. So he hailed him the next time he passed.

"John," he said, "maybe you think it is none of my business, and if you do I disagree with you, but you are drinking too much. Now, to-day I have counted the number of times you passed my store on your way to Banyan street. It is now only 5 o'clock in the afternoon and you have been by here thirty-six times. That is too many drinks to take in one day, John, and it will kill you if you keep it up. You can't stand up under it."

"How many times did you say I passed to take a drink?" asked John.

"Thirty-six times. I counted them myself."

"Well, that is a lie and an injustice," replied John, "because once I went to the depot."

THIS reminds us of the reason that the price of shoes falls to decline.

There are so many more persons who are wearing shoes now. Naturally, the more shoes that are worn the more demand, and therefore a more limited supply. There was a time when a great many negroes went barefooted all the time, but now the number is very limited.

A tall negro walked into a shoe store in central Florida along the main automobile route some time ago, left his bundle and his hat at the front door and stood around until he was noticed.

"Anything to-day, Tom?" the proprietor finally asked.

"Yes, sur, Mister Jack, I wants me er pair er shoes, please sur," replied the negro.

"Why, Tom, what are you fixing to do—get married?"

"No, sur, 'tain't dat."

"Well, what do you want with shoes? I have known you all my life and I have never known you to wear shoes before. What is the trouble?"

"Mister Jack, dat's true. I ain't never had er pair er shoes, but dese here automobiles done cum down here and de place done gone dry and dey's got busted bottles scattered all over dis here country though de piney woods till a nigger's feet ain't got no chance er tail."

Dan's Own Book Reviews

ENOCH ARDEN. Alfred Lord Tennyson. England. D. Appleton & Sons, Ltd., London and New York.

THIS Enoch Arden was a melancholy bird. He seems to have had a good heart and doubtless he intended to do right, but he took himself and life so seriously that he interfered with the happiness of a great many persons.

As a matter of fact, Lord Tennyson speaks very highly of him. He devotes several pages to telling of the virtues of Mr. Arden. We must admit that he gets very little sympathy from us. He sums up the situation very badly several times and ruins what might otherwise have been a very thrilling story. Of course he must be com-

mended for dying, which he does very gracefully and in a most timely manner at the close of the poem.

The love of money and a desire to be rich seems to have been at the bottom of Mr. Arden's troubles. If it had not been for that desire, and if he had been willing to be happy with a small income and content with the simple life, all would have gone well with him.

It seems from the way Lord Tennyson tells the yarn that Miss Annie Lee, Philip Ray and Enoch Arden were playmates in childhood in a little English shipping town. After they had grown to more mature years they all went on a picnic to gather wild nuts. Mr. Arden proposed to Miss Lee and they were married. Mr. Ray, although he had had some thoughts along the same line himself, was rather slow about saying anything, so the young lady naturally accepted the first offer she had. At the time it looked like a good bet.

Three children were born. After the third one came Mr. Arden, who had already had a little hard luck with some business ventures, decided to sell a boat he owned and go to sea. His intention was to skin the natives of the strange countries that the ship would visit, secure a lot of money in the trades and return to his home village as a wealthy man. Mrs. Arden seems to have had a premonition of impending disaster. She begged him not to make the voyage, but he insisted. From the proceeds of the sale of the boat he left her enough money to take care of his home until he returned and took the balance with him to be used as capital in outrading the natives.

Everything went exactly as he had planned until the return voyage was being made. Then the ship was wrecked and only three were saved, among them being Mr. Arden. They were all washed up on an island. The two others died, and for ten years the shipwrecked sailor waited to be rescued.

Meanwhile Mrs. Arden had grown tired of waiting for his return. Mr. Ray's opportunity came upon the occasion of another picnic (these annual picnics seem to have exerted quite an influence over the life of the lady) and he proposed to her. She accepted, but made him wait eighteen months before marrying because she did not want to take a chance on the return of her first husband.

Of course soon after the wedding, when Mrs. Arden became Mrs. Ray, old Enoch turns up like a bad penny, having been rescued by a passing ship. It was the most natural thing in the world for him to return. We guessed it early in the poem, so it was no surprise to us.

Well, the usual husband would have rushed into the house with a meat axe in one hand and some other implement of self-defence in the other and proceeded to mess up the whole place, beating up his wife, killing Mr. Ray, scaring the children out of their wits and kicking the cat out of the back door. Mr. Arden had a clear case of self-defence under the unwritten law, coupled with temporary mental aberration, lack of cooling time and several other things like that which would have made it easy for the defence before any jury.

Did he do it? He did not. He went quietly back to the boarding house of Mrs. Miriam Lane and died. He was careful to tell her the whole story, however, with the promise that she would not tell it until after he had passed away. She kept her word, so they gave him quite an imposing funeral, and among the chief mourners were Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ray.

It seems to us that Lord Tennyson missed an opportunity in this poem. It could easily have been made a real thriller, with a forsaken wife, an outraged husband, several murders with blood and gore scattered all over the place. Instead, the thing ends rather tamely, giving the impression that the author grew tired of his plot as he went along and sought the easiest way to bring it to a close.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

William Shakespeare. Stratford. George Outridge & Co., Ltd., London.

THE nearest approach to a death in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is a fainting spell which is induced in

by a young person named Julia in the last act. Except for that fainting spell there is not an unpleasant feature of the entire play, unless it be considered unpleasant to attempt the theft of a friend's best girl.

This seems to be the mildest of all the plays yet written by this rising young playwright. He is so firmly established in the public mind, however, as a blood spiller that we hesitate to state that his latest play will meet with the reception accorded him in the past.

One of the young gentlemen referred to in the title is Mr. Valentine, who starts out to be a woman hater. However, like many another, he changes utterly the first time a woman smiles at him. The other is Mr. Proteus, who is admittedly a lady killer, and who bores his friends very much by his continual references to his affairs with a certain Miss Julia, one of the young ladies of Verona.

Valentine finally can't stand it any longer and goes to Milan, where he joins the court of the Duke. He finds the Lady Sylvia already engaged to a young chap at the court, but this young fellow had made the mistake of courting the Duke of Milan instead of his daughter. The consequence was that she did not care for him and readily fell in love with Valentine. As she was the first woman who had ever smiled at the woman hater he naturally forgot all about his resolutions and promptly made arrangements for an elopement.

Meanwhile Proteus comes to Milan. Immediately upon seeing Sylvia he forgets all about Julia. Upon learning of the proposed elopement he tells the Duke about it. The old man stops the whole affair and banishes Valentine, who becomes a highwayman, thus again proving that from stealing women to stealing money is a perfectly logical and easy step.

Meanwhile Mr. Shakespeare does with Julia what he does with so many of his heroines. He dresses her up in the clothes of a boy, and as a boy she becomes a page in the service of her former sweetheart. Then a series of captures takes place. Valentine captures Sylvia, who is walking in the woods. Later he captures Proteus and Julia. While they are all talking over the situation the Duke of Milan appears. The Duke pardons every one, so does Valentine, so does Julia and so does Sylvia.

With everybody forgiven the marriages take place, and, although the playwright does not say so, he distinctly implies that they all lived happily ever after.

We call this a bum play. We doubt very much if it will succeed.

Have You Ever Been Under the Bane of the Evil Eye?

'EVIL EYE' WOMAN
TERRORIZES TOWN
French Police Asked to Banish Her.
News Item.

HAVE you ever been held under the spell of the light that lies in woman's eyes? Has the Evil Eye ever gazed at you? Was it the Evil Eye that gazed upon St. Kevin, about whom the poet Moore sang in his "Irish Melody"—Kathleen's eyes? "Eyes of most unholy blue."

The Evil Eye is not held to be allied to any malignant quality of character. Many excellent people are born with this baleful influence, which they frequently exert unconsciously and against their will. It is a misfortune rather than a fault, but it has blighted many of the lives that have come under its influence, and bad luck, illness, disease and even death have attended others who have been overlooked.

In many parts of England there are persons who, having come under the influence of the malignant look, attribute all the evil that comes to them to a single glance. There was a prosperous farmer who would not believe that the progressive ailment from which he suffered was due to no more than natural senile decay. He firmly believed himself the victim of the Evil Eye, and so firmly did this belief take hold of him that he pined and pined until ultimately he died. The writer knows of a man who believed himself to be slowly dying as a result of having been gazed upon by a beautiful woman possessed of the malignant power of fascination.

Among the agricultural classes one may

Powerful Glances of Its Possessor Famous in
Many a Poem and Story

still occasionally find some who attribute the evils that befall their stock to the malignant glance. A pig is taken ill and dies; it has been overlooked. A cow loses its milk; a horse becomes lame; a crop suffers from blight; the Evil Eye is the cause of it all.

It is curious that the only good influence ascribed to this source is the doubtful one commonly called love, and when a fascinating woman exercises this influence she is said to "look babies." Heywood, Beaumont and Fletcher, Cleveland, Cowley and Pope sang of these babies. Sang Heywood:

"She clung about his neck, gave him ten kisses,
Toiled with his looks, looked babies in his eyes."
—Love's Mistress, p. 8, 1636.

And Herrick:

"You blame me, too, because I can't devise
Some sport to please those babies in your eyes."
—Hesperides, volume 1, p. 12.

Kathleen so loved St. Kevin that Moore tells us she followed him even to his retreat:

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
Where'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh!
East or West, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned."

Among the ancients the Evil Eye was believed to belong to a malignant nature—to be an attribute of envious people. To-day in northern parts of Africa the natives dread any expression of admiration concerning a member of their family. In Tripoli

the death of an infant was attributed to the steadfast gaze of a stranger who was fascinated with its beauty as it lay in the cradle. In southern Italy any one who praises all that he sees is looked upon with suspicion born of superstition against malignant power.

But eyes are not all evil. There are some that shoot out electric fluid that condenses all the elements of sentiment and passion in one single glance. The eye speaks all languages. It knows no nationality, needs no introduction. It is as bold as the lion and roves far and near. It recognizes neither age nor pedigree. It has no greater respect for riches than for poverty, for learning than for power, for vice than for virtue. It intrudes wherever it will and yet gives life and light, power and possession to all. It reflects all sentiments—love or anger, pride or prejudice, confidence or contempt. A pair of bright eyes will not only subdue a man but enslave and inflame him; they dazzle him so as to make him forget, and he so prizes them that he would give his life to possess them. What is the fond love of dearest friends compared to this treasure?

Dark blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined or effeminate nature; light blue and, much more, gray eyes, in the hardy and active; greenish eyes have generally the same character as the gray; hazel eyes are the most usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous and profound. Large eyes were admired in Greece, and they still prevail. Small eyes indicate shrewdness. Eyes that are almond shaped are said to be very lucky; round eyes are not.

Eyes have been celebrated in song and story for many years. Alger sang:

"A grey eye is a sly eye,
And roguish is a brown one;
A blue eye is a true eye;
Mysterious is a dark one,
Which flashes like a spark sun;
A black eye is the best one."

Eyes that are deeply set indicate a thoughtful and reflective nature; they intensify the effect of color. Thus, if one has eyes of a lucky color and they be deeply set, one may expect to be exceedingly fortunate.

Blue eyes are particularly lucky. They denote strong, well balanced natures, capable of triumphing over difficulties. Brown eyes, while not quite so lucky as the blue, bestow a fair amount of good fortune upon those who bear them. Gray eyes that show endurance invariably foretoken suffering, especially in affairs of the heart. The black eye foretells success in worldly affairs and especially in good fortune in money matters. The unluckiest eye of all is the green eye.

"O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on."
—Shakespeare.

The hazel eye shows a cool, calm and deliberate temperament, a placid, evenly balanced nature. It betokens exceptional ability in management and good luck on the whole. Even though misfortune attend, the hazel eye has the power of quick recovery and of adapting itself to circumstances.

Of all eyes the most lucky pair is the odd colored pair. If your eyes be odd colored you will triumph in love affairs and will be successful in all financial transactions. To those who have odd eyes that are almond shaped and deeply set good luck is trebly assured. It seems to attend them wherever they go, even though their owners sometimes have to wait.